

The Messenger

Volume 2008

Issue 2 *The Messenger*, Fall 2008

Article 30

Fall 2008

Translation

Emily Smith

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Smith, Emily (2008) "Translation," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2008: Iss. 2, Article 30.

Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2008/iss2/30>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

TRANSLATION

EMILY SMITH

I dreamed last night I had no fingers, and my hands moved over you like clam shells lost in space.

Sniffing bivalves roaming where no one was looking for them, and
their tears watered the cool gravel of the moon.

I dreamed I had no fingers, and I caused the invention of the boxing glove: behind the
viewing glass, the thinkers gaped at one another.

(My wrists, at once, gave light from bulbs of genius—)

And each arm ended in eureka:
In so many claps to the forehead,

Like elephant teeth clattering from a museum case in the dark.

